Poor Unfortunate Souls

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/60268297.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of A Wendigo in the Bayous
Stats:	Published: 2024-11-02 Words: 1,035 Chapters: 1/?

Poor Unfortunate Souls

by Toki_Wrights

Summary

Will finally shows Hannibal what he looks like, and they talk, and fuck, but we get there in a moment, sorry for the delay.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal shifted, legs brushing up against sheets and buried his head in Wills curls, breathing in deeply.

"Did you just smell me?"

"Difficult to avoid."

Will snorted. "Well alright then."

They dozed for a little longer until Hannibals alarm rang, and they both groaned. Today was the last day of the conference, and Hannibal, while initially interested in it, just wanted it to be over. It was like... he had finally met his match, and he didn't care for listening to people talk like they were his match. He shuffled out of bed and showered, enjoying the scraping hands against his scalp. He stumbled out if the room and towards Wills coffee machine. Blinking untill it was done and partially downing his cup before walking, much more awake, back to the bedroom to change. He gently kissed Will on his forhead before he left the house for the long drive into the city. On the way there, he picked up food, it wasn't his, and frankly he would have rather starved than eat it, but he had long ago learned to not ignore his bodies needs, medical school hammered that Into him, along with his insatiable hunger. Although, admittedly, those two didn't have the coralation most thought they did.

On stage at a podium a man was talking about schizophrenia, a genuinely fascinating disease, although to him for what was probably a different reason. The stigmatism souronding the illness along with whether the person is truly hallucinating, considering him being what he was. It was interesting how in different country's it was scene as a bad thing, or a good thing. In some places the people with schizophrenia were heralded as seers, or people with knowledge beyond their world. Along with that was childhood schizophrenia, rare but in the grand scheme of things, if your child presented hallucinations first instead of the more common symptoms for children to have, how would you know? Perhaps your child was just particularly imaginative. And how it was caused? Well there were theories. Genetics, of course, played in, but overall, no one truly knows.

All in all, it was a fascinating subject.

He studiously took notes this time, at least trying to get something out of the conference. It helped that Will wasn't texting him this time, most likely still sleeping or out with his dogs, perhaps at his job, it was hard to say. Whatever the case, he was at least semi focused today - although this had to be the least productive conference he'd ever gone to - despite his excitement for whatever it was that Will may be showing him later. He was, admittedly, less excited about talking with Will. Well, about discussing what they were going to do now that they had impulsively mated with each other. He felt like Will was avoiding the topic of conversation, and he wasn't sure why. It was like an incessant fly in the back of his head. Even he fell victim to doubt on occasion, and with something as big as this, there was a lot of doubt involved.

His only solace was that Will didn't feel bothered, that he felt steady and grounded if a little thrown out of his depth. Will new what he was doing so Hannibal would just have to trust

him.

Oh, how he hated not knowing things.

He was practically standing on a ledge, waiting for Will to call jump, waiting to follow that melodious voice into the gates of death, into the end of everything that has evaded him for so long. He would do anything if Will told him to, commanded him to. Oh how he hoped Will waited in agony the same way he did, waiting for a signal to jump from the precipice and into the pits of pleasure and debasement.

Oh how he ached for it.

He hungered for Will and he waited in calm waters, begging for a tide to take him away.

Will: Hey, I believe I'll be at work longer than you'll be out, so I'll meet you at my place later, or we can both dip during lunch?

Hannibal: unfortunately, we'll have to wait, Alana would be even less impressed than she is now.

Will: later it is. I'll be home around 5.

Hannibals heart flips as he reads the word home. Yes, home, he didn't know what he was worried about in the first place.

"Will, why are we in the swamps?"

Will shoots him a glare from where he's walking next to him, the old wooden board of the bridge they're walking over creaking and their footsteps echoing into the air.

"It's the bayous, not a swamp, Hannibal."

"My point still stands."

Will rolled his eyes and stopped in the middle of the bridge.

"Well, you'll just have to find out won't you?" In a confusing turn of action, Will started stripping, taking off his shirt, pants, and undergarments until he was as bare as the day he was born.

"What are you doing?"

Will smirked, instead of answering him, he walked towards the edge of the bridge and stared into the water, taking a deep breath and letting out a melodus exhale, the air rippling around them and Hannibals hair standing on end from the noise, the call. Wills body shimmered for a moment before he left into the water, a blue of turquoise, green, and blue gray, entering without so much as a splash, only leaving small waves as the only evidence he was ever there.

A call, the call, echoed from the water, and Hannibal felt the shift come over him in a shiver. He peered into the murky water, having to look past his fur and feathers and bare skull and into the sepths of the bayou, trying to spot Will in the water. In hindsight, it made sense that he was a deep blue green color, although his scales did reflect in the light, it made him invisible in the water, which was why Hannibals eyes widened a fraction of a second before something, presumably Wills tail, wiped out of the water and rapped around he leg, yanking him under and engulfing his vision in dark green brown.

End Notes

I LIIIIVVVVVVEEEEE!!!!!!! shockingly. Sorry, I've been super busy, and could only write this in the bits of spare time I found this past month, more updates will happen, latest being the end of this month, but mid this month is more reasonable to expect, schools been kicking my ass, and I'm posting this from my speech and debate tournament cause I'm only competing in speech and all the events for it are done.
As normal, no beta, womp womp.
Also, no way I let slip in my interest in schizophrenia, I would never do that....

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!